

# THE ARIEL.

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS GAZETTE

TO LEARNING'S SHRINE A CARE-SOUGHT GIFT WE BRING,

RICH WITH THE BLOSSOMS OF PERPETUAL SPRING.

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NO. 9.

## THE CREATION OF MAN.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

Before the creation of man ('tis a fable  
Not borrowed from Esop, as most fables are,)   
A circumstance happened, for which I'm unable  
To mention my author, whoever he were.

Dame Care took a walk by the side of the river,  
Till weary she sat herself down for a time;  
Then for her amusement (we ne'er should forgive her)  
She moulded a form from the clay and the slime.

Two arms and two legs she affixed to the figure,  
But wherefore I do not pretend to explain;  
Some six feet in height, or perhaps rather bigger,  
A head on its shoulders—alas, for the brain!

The tide would have soon washed away the frail image  
But Jove coming by, gave it motion and life;  
And by all the traditions brought down from that dim  
age,  
Betwixt Jove and Care there began an odd strife.

The quarrel was this:—having made such a creature,  
They could not together agree on its name;  
And Care who was always perverse in her nature,  
Refused e'en to Jove to relinquish her claim.

At length Jove proposed to refer it to Saturn;  
Dame Care with reluctance came into the plan;  
And Saturn decreed, that all after this pattern  
Should be called (what a monstrous absurdity!)—MAN.

The ownership then was as stiffly disputed;  
Dame Care wished forever to make him her drudge;  
But her scheme with the notions of Jove little suited,  
So Saturn again was called in as the judge.

"Man's but man," said the father of gods, "not immortal,  
And Care's shall he be from the day of his birth;

But his soul shall be Jove's when it enters his portal,  
While his body returns to its owner—the Earth."

To this wise decree both the parties consented:  
Poor man for himself had but few words to say,  
But Jove turn'd his back, and Dame Care soon prevented  
His murmurs, by stopping his mouth up with clay.

## SONG OF THE TRANSFORMED,

By Mrs. Hemans.

A tradition was current, amongst the natives of Hispaniola, when discovered by Columbus, that the light of the sun was fatal to the aboriginal inhabitants of the island, turning them into trees and stones; and that a man, sent out to fish, by a chief named Vagoniena, and changed into a melodious singing bird, came at night annually about the time that he had suffered this transformation, and bewailed his misfortune in a mournful song, which is the cause why that bird, mistaken by Columbus for the nightingale, sings always at night.—Vide *Irving's Life of Columbus*.

A song!—a dreary song,  
Each night, and all night long  
Is mine—the hapless Toomahce!—to sing;  
Far, in some leafy nest  
To swell my plumed breast  
In plainings wild, and drop my listless wing!

'Tis mine,—with shame to speak,—  
Of wing, and breast, and beak,  
MAN, once that was: now, but a lonely Bird;

To shun day's mortal light,  
And vex the hush of night,  
With solemn wailings, as my soul is stirr'd!

A holy, luscious calm  
Is round me, and the balm  
Of cool, low-breathing winds,—with sighings sweet  
From pale, delicious flowers,  
Which wake but at these hours,  
Faint forest-voices, soft and sad, to greet.

Yon golden fires above,  
Rays of divinest love,  
Shed on the quiet earth, and waters clear;  
To them with piercing wail,  
I pour my piteous tale,  
But ah! they will not heed, or cannot hear.

The spirits of these woods,  
The guardians of the floods,  
The genii of the radiant, racy flowers,  
Know well, the long drawn tone,  
By hopelessness alone  
Urg'd, and sigh'd forth, in tenderest midnight hours.

My languid wings have sought  
Those, who in anguish'd thought  
Live to me ever: dear ones, ne'er forgot  
Through years, in which no voice  
Of man hath bid rejoice  
My loving breast,—I've sought, and found them not.

I've sung:—but where are they,  
Who've echoed not, my lay?  
Transform'd perchance, to tree, or rock, or bird?  
Silent in death? ah! why,  
May not the Chang'd One die?  
Why must his wail eternally be heard?

From the New York Commercial Advertiser.

## PENITENCE.

'Gainst thee—Thee only have we sinn'd.

ALMIGHTY GOD! but thou art Just!  
We bow before Thee in the dust.  
Our sins provok'd the direful blow;  
And lay us here bereft and low.

Thy justice taints the air we breathe—  
Thine arrows thick around us fly—  
Our fellow sinners bend beneath  
Thine ire, and sicken, faint and die.

Where can such guilty sinners flee  
Beyond the reach of death and Thee?  
Where *should* such palsied sinners go  
But unto Thee, to 'scape from woe?

To Thee we come, we bend the knee,  
What more than this can sinners do?  
Oh bend the heart—we look to Thee  
Who only can create anew.

Oh bid the avenger now to cease—  
Let sin, vile sin, be banished hence—  
The city spare—its guilt efface—  
The cause, the worst of Pestilence.

Hear Lord thy Zion's humble prayer,  
And sanctify thy judgment just—  
Nor let her children doubt or fear;  
Almighty Thou! tho' they are dust!

## SELECT TALES.

## JERRY SMITH'S WIDOW.

From "Legends of the West."

I left my residence in Kentucky a few years ago, and proceeded to Baltimore for the purpose of transacting some business with a mercantile house, with which I had been extensively concerned. No one knew the object of my journey; because, being a bachelor, in easy circumstances, I was under no obligation to disclose to any person more than I thought proper. I left my farm under the direction of a manager, with the expectation of returning in a few weeks. On my arrival in Baltimore, I found that it would be necessary to proceed to New Orleans. The vessel in which I embarked, after being baffled and detained by head winds, at length sprung a leak, and we were obliged to put into Havana.

Here various delays occurred, and as I could neither talk Spanish, play billiards, nor smoke cigars, the time hung so heavily upon my hands, that I soon fretted myself into a bilious fever. In this condition my captain left me, without so much as saying good bye; and when at last I reached New Orleans, by another vessel, I found that the person with whom my affairs had been entrusted, was absent, and not expected to return for several weeks. There was now no alternative left me, but either to abandon the object of my voyage, and risk the entire loss of a large sum, or by remaining, expose my constitution, already debilitated and predisposed to disease, to the dangers of a very sickly climate. Unfortunately I adopted the latter course.

I found the weather as hot here as in Cuba, the language as incomprehensible, and the billiard tables quite as devoid of interest. The sickly season was fast approaching, and as I had determined not to escape disease by flight, I endeavored to avoid it by precaution. It is amusing enough to those who can look on from a distance, to see the various expedients by which men endeavor to contend with death; as if the great destroyer was a foe who could be eluded by cunning, or baffled by force. The yellow fever assailed the inhabitants; I felt the malady, or thought I felt it, creeping slowly into my system, and resorted to every preventive which my own reason, or the experience of others suggested.

I first tried the Sangrado plan; drank water, ate vegetables, and suffered phlebotomy. But I soon found that I could not endure starvation, nor carry on the functions of life without a due supply of the circulating medium. I resorted to stimulants and tonics—a mint julap in the morning, bitters at noon, and wine after dinner; but alas! with no better success; for every time that I looked in the glass, I discovered, by my sallow visage, that the enemy was silently making his approaches. My eyes became jaundiced—my pulse heavy—my skin dry—and my complexion received a new coat of yellow every day, deepening at first into a delicate orange, then to saffron, and lastly to a real copper color, until I began to fear that I was actually degenerating into a Spaniard, a Quarteroon, or a Cherokee.

"Coming events throw their shadows before,"

and on this occasion the shadows that tinged my face were but too prophetic. The dreaded fever came at last, and I sunk into a state of helpless and hopeless misery which none can truly estimate but those who have felt its poignancy. I was a stranger, far from home; in a climate tainted with disease; and attacked by a disorder supposed to be fatal. That malady,

among other distressing characteristics, has one which is peculiarly aggravating. I know not whether others are similarly affected, but to me a fever brings a state of excitement and sensitiveness which produces the most exquisite torture. My whole nature is subtilized—every feeling is quickened—and every sense sharpened into a painful acuteness of perception. The judgment is weakened, but the imagination acquires a supernatural activity; the body sinks, but the spirit is feelingly alive. Such was my state.

In the early stages of my disease, a thousand wild visions were in my brain. I made rhymes; repeated pages of Latin, although in a moment of sanity I could not have connected a sentence; I saw people whose faces had been forgotten for years; I called up events which had transpired in my childhood; I planned novels, composed essays, and devised theories; I fought battles; I recalled the joys, and repeated the sins of my whole life. I was a madman, a philosopher, a devotee, and a wag, in the same hour. At one moment I prayed fervently; at another I dropped the doctor's nostrums in my sleeve, and amused myself with inventing ingenious answers to deceive him and feigning symptoms which did not exist. I jested, moralized, groaned, wept, and laughed; and found in each new mood that came over me, a pang equally agonizing to that which I had suffered in the one that had just passed off.

Such is fever! excruciating bodily pain, with a brilliancy and strength of intellectual vision, which looks back to infancy, and forward to eternity, and around upon the whole scene of life, while the mental eye is crowded with images, whose number and vividness weary and distract the brain. Loss of strength, stupor, and melancholy succeeded. I thought of home, of myself, and death; and my visions assumed every day a deeper and more death-like hue.

There was one object which intruded into all my dreams. I need only name its character, in order to enlist the sympathy of every tender hearted reader. It was a young widow, for whom I felt a particular regard, and to whom—if I must speak out, I was engaged to be married on my return home. She was my first love, I had paid my addresses to her before her marriage, but was too bashful to declare myself explicitly; and while I balanced matters in my own mind, and sought by the gentlest hints to disclose my passion, she, by some fatality—by mere accident, as I have since understood, married a certain Jeremiah Smith, a fellow for whom, and for whose name, I had always entertained a sovereign and special contempt. I did not blame her for marrying, for that was her privilege; but to wed a fellow named Jerry! and of all the Jerries in the world to pitch upon Jerry Smith, a dissipated, silly profligate, not worth a single brass farthing, was too bad! It was flying in the face of propriety, and treating her other lovers, who were numerous, with indignity.

Poor girl! she had a sad time of it, for Jerry treated her worse than a brute; but at the end of two years he had the grace to pop off, leaving her penniless and as pretty as ever. It was a long time after her widowhood before we met; I could not call on her, and as to courting Jerry Smith's widow, that seemed out of the question. But when we did meet, she looked so sad and beautiful, and smiled so pensively, and talked so sweetly of old times, that all her power of fascination over me revived. I began to visit her, thinking of nothing more at first, than to show her my superiority over Jerry Smith, and to convince her how great a slight she had shown to my merits in selecting him. But in trying to make myself agreeable to the widow,



she became so very agreeable to me, that in spite of all my former resolutions, I offered her my hand, which was accepted with the most charming grace imaginable. This was just before my journey, and as that could not be postponed, we agreed to put off the wedding until my return.

Such was the beautiful vision that had smiled upon me through all my wanderings; but which now was presented to my distempered fancy, arrayed in the brightest colours. In vain did I sometimes try to banish it. I thought of business, my farm, my negroes, my tobacco—but anon came the graceful widow, with that same smile and blush that she wore when she faintly murmured ‘no,’ and expressively looked ‘yes,’—there she was, hanging fondly over me, and chiding my delay.

This could not last for ever; and just when every body thought that I was about to die, I grew better; and to my great joy was put on board a steam boat bound for Louisville. For a day or two I continued to recruit; change of air, scene, and food, did wonders; but the happiness of a speedy recovery was not fated to be mine. I had embarked in a steam-boat of the largest class, on board of which were four hundred passengers. The weather was excessively hot, there were many sick among us, and the atmosphere between the decks soon became impure. The yellow fever was said to be on board; and our comfortless situation was rendered dreadful by the panic that ensued. I relapsed, and was soon pronounced past recovery. I had the yellow fever, and was considered a fatal bearer of contagion. It was thought proper to remove me from the boat, and to abandon me to my fate, rather than endanger the lives of others.

I was accordingly put on shore; but when or how it happened I know not. I have a faint recollection of being lowered into the yawl, and seeing people gazing at me; I heard one say “he’ll die in an hour;” another inquired my name; one voice pitied me; and another said I had made a happy escape from pain. I thought they were about to bury me, and became senseless in an agonising effort to speak.

When I recovered my consciousness, I found myself in a cabin on the shore of the Mississippi. A kind family had received and nursed me, and had brought me back to life after I had been long insensible. They were poor people, who made their living by cutting fire wood to supply the steamboats; a lean and sallow family, whose bilious complexions, and attenuated forms, attested the withering influence of a corrupted atmosphere. They had the languid southern eye, the heavy gait, and slow speech of persons enervated by burning sun-beams and humid breezes.

For two weeks I was unable to rise from the miserable pallet with which their kindness had supplied me. I counted every log in the wretched cabin; my eye became familiar with all the coats, gowns, and leathern hunting shirts that hung from the rafters. I noted each crevice, and set down in my memory all the furniture and cooking utensils.

For fourteen long summer days my eyes had no other employment but to wander over these few objects again and again, until at last nothing was left to be discovered, and I closed them in the disgust occasioned by the sameness of the scene, or strained them in search of something new, until my eye balls ached. But I had no more feverish dreams, and when I thought of the widow Smith, it was with the delight of newly awakened hope; and with the confidence that better days and brighter scenes even yet awaited me at home.

At last I was able to crawl to the door, and to see the sun, the green trees, and the water. It was a most

refreshing sight; although the landscape itself was any thing but attractive. The cabin stood on the bank of the river, in a low alluvion bottom. It was surrounded and overhung by a forest of immense trees, whose tall dark trunks rose to the height of sixty or seventy feet, without a branch, and then threw out their vast lateral boughs, and heavy foliage, so luxuriantly as entirely to exclude the sun. Beneath that dense canopy of shade, were long, dark, and gloomy vistas; where the Indian might well fancy himself surrounded by the spirits of his departed friends.

The soil itself had a dismal aspect; the whole surface had been inundated but a few weeks past; the fallen leaves of last year, saturated and blackened by long immersion, were covered with a thick deposit of mud, and the reeking mass sent up volumes of noxious vapor. Before the house was a naked sand-bar, sparkling and glowing with heat. In the middle of the river was a large sawyer, an immense log, the entire trunk of a majestic oak, whose root clung to the bottom, while the other end extending down the stream, rose to the surface, the current giving it a heavy and eternal motion; now uprearing some twenty feet of the huge black mass above the surface, and then sinking again in the water with the regular swing of a pendulum. I gazed for hours at that perpetual see-saw, wondering what law of nature governed its exact vibrations. Here the hideous alligator might be seen rocking through half a day as if in the enjoyment of an agreeable recreation; while droves of these animals, sporting in the stream, or crawling on the beach, roared like so many bulls, filling the whole forest with their bellowings. Added to those sounds, were the braying of the wolf, the croaking of innumerable frogs, and the buz of myriads of mosquitoes. Under any other circumstances, I should have thought myself in Pandemonium; but I had in the last few weeks endured so much pain, passed through so many horrors, and trembled so long upon the brink of the grave, that I enjoyed the sun, the breeze and the verdure, even with these dismal accompaniments. I was even agreeably situated; for so great and pleasing was the change, in having my mind relieved from its abstraction, that I could gaze placidly for hours upon natural objects of the most common description, and converse with interest on the most trivial subjects. Of all forms, none are so hideous or so terrifying, as the horrid creations of a distempered imagination.

For another fortnight I remained contented, gradually gaining strength; and then finding myself again able to travel, I took my passage in a steam boat for Louisville. The river was now extremely low, and we advanced slowly, sometimes running aground upon sand-bars, and always getting forward with difficulty. At length we reached our port, and I sprung with delight upon the soil of Kentucky. Among the steamboats lying along the shore, dismantled and laid up for the season, was the vessel in which I had embarked at New Orleans, a feeble invalid, and which had left me almost a corpse.

My baggage consisted of several well filled trunks; one of which, a common black leather travelling trunk, I purchased at New Orleans, and packed with articles of finery, for my intended bride. On setting me ashore at the wood-cutter’s, the captain of the boat had been careful to land my several chattels, and I now proceeded with them to a hotel in Louisville. My baggage was carried into a bar-room crowded with gentlemen, and I had scarcely time to turn round, when a lank, agile Frenchman, with tremendous whiskers, darted forward, and seizing my black trunk, seemed to be about to appropriate to his own use all my nuptial presents.

"That is my trunk, sir," said I.

"Aha! sair! you say dat you tronk! Sair, dat is not your tronk!"

"Excuse me, sir, it is undoubtedly mine."

"Ah! ma foi! I shall not excuse, you sair! Sair, if you say dis your tronk, you no gentleman."

As he said this he jerked a key from his pocket, thrust it into the lock, threw open the disputed trunk, and to my utter consternation, and the infinite amusement of all others present, displayed a magazine of "sundries" as undoubtedly French as his own accent.

"Dare! vat you say now, sair!" he exclaimed, triumphantly, as he threw out the contents, "you say dat your coat? dat your waistcoat? your fiddlestrings? your musique note? your every ting? Sair, you are no gentleman, if you say dat your tronk!"

"I ask your pardon," said I, "the trunk is not mine; but there is a strange mystery in this affair, which I cannot pretend to unravel."

"Ah, very much mystery, for some oder gentleman get my tronk, and make me wear my linen in dis hot country for five six week!"

"The fault is not mine; I purchased a trunk at New Orleans so nearly resembling that one, if I was not convinced by the contents, I would still think it mine. I am sorry to have been the innocent cause of any inconvenience to you."

"Very well: I buy my tronk at New Orleans too—dat how he look so much alike; very sorry for you sair; but I cannot let you have my tronk, indeed, sair."

I stood mortified and confounded; cutting a very awkward figure in the presence of a large company, who viewed this odd adventure with astonishment—I began almost to doubt my own identity, and to fancy myself transformed by magic into somebody else. It seemed as if my ill luck was never to cease. I dreaded least this incident should prove prophetic, and as I had seen my trunk transformed under my very nose, into the trunk of another gentleman, I feared that I might find my widow changed into another man's wife. I was somewhat relieved by the captain of the steamboat, who had witnessed this scene, and who now stepped forward, and informed me that my trunk, which had been exchanged by mistake, was on board his boat.

Feeling in no mood to visit my acquaintances, I directed my course to the counting house of a merchant, upon whom I held a draft. On handing it to his clerk he returned it, observing,

"The drawee of this bill is dead, sir, and we have instructions not to pay it."

"I am the drawee," returned I.

"There must be some mistake," replied the clerk, very coolly! Mr. M. in whose favor it is drawn, is certainly dead. We have it from his heir."

"Heir! don't you suppose, sir, that I am the best judge whether I am dead or alive?"

"Can't say, sir—sorry to dispute any gentleman's word—but my orders—"

"Sir, you don't only dispute my word, you deny my existence—don't you see me and hear me, and can't you feel me?" said I, laying my long cold hands upon his soft white palm.

"Very sorry," repeated the bookkeeper, withdrawing his hand as if a viper had touched it, "but my principal is absent—I act under instructions—and Mr. M.'s account is closed on our books."

"This is the strangest turn of all," said I to myself, as I stepped into the street. "I am dead—my heir has entered upon the estate—the widow mourns over my grave! Very pretty truly! I shall next be

told that this is not Kentucky, and that I am not, and never was Edward M."

Angry and dispirited, I turned into a public reading room, and sought for a file of the newspaper published in my own neighborhood. I looked for an old date, and soon found—my own obituary! and learned that in my untimely death society had been deprived of a useful member, my kindred of an affectionate relative, and my servants of a kind master! Upon further research, I stumbled upon a notice from my administrator—the next of kin; inviting all my debtors to settle their accounts. I saw no announcement of the widow's death—and concluding that her strength of mind had enabled her to survive my "untimely death," I determined to set out for home instantly, as well to relieve the burthen of her sorrow, as to re-assume the privilege of collecting my own debts.

After a tiresome journey, I arrived on the night of the third day in my own neighborhood. Concealed by the darkness, I reached my own door without being recognized. My servants fled when they perceived me, screaming with surprise and terror. I followed them into the house. In the hall stood a gentleman and lady, who had been drawn thither by the uproar. They were the "next of kin" and—the widow Smith! The former, being a man of spirit, stood his ground, but the lady screamed and fled.

"Will you be good enough to tell me, sir," said I, "whether I am dead or alive?"

"We have mourned your death," said my nephew, with an embarrassed air, "but I am happy to find that you are alive, and most sincerely welcome you home."

"Supposing the fact to be that I am alive," said I, "will you do me the kindness to tell me whether I am master of this house?"

"Surely you are, and"—

"Do not interrupt me; you are my administrator, I find; do you claim also to be my guardian? These characters are not usually doubled."

"I claim nothing, sir, but an opportunity to explain those matters which seem to have offended you so deeply."

"Then, sir, being master here, and having neither administrator nor guardian, I desire to be alone."

The young man looked offended, and then smiled superciliously, as if he thought me insane, and turning on his heel, walked off.

I retired to my chamber, and having with some difficulty drawn my servants about me, and convinced them of my identity, took supper and went to bed. About the widow I made no inquiry; circumstances looked so suspicious that I dreaded to hear the truth.

In the morning I rose. I sallied forth and gazed with delight upon my fields, my trees, and the thousand familiar objects that are comprised within that one endearing word—home. My negroes crowded about me to welcome me, inquire after my health, and tell me all that had happened to them. Passing over these matters as briefly as possible, I proceeded to probe the subject nearest my heart, and—what think you, gentle reader, was the result? the widow Smith was married to the "next of kin!" They had left my house at the dawn that morning.

I have only to add that I have entirely recovered my health and spirits; and that as Jerry Smith's widow has twice slipped through my fingers, undervalued my character, and slighted my affection, and at last married that wild scamp, my nephew, whom I had before thought of disinheriting, I am determined that neither of them shall ever touch a dollar of my money; and to effect this laudable object, I am resolved not to live single, nor die *intestate*.



FOR THE ARIEL.  
MORNING.

The clear light of the morning was just streaming over the western prospect, and its golden hues had lighted the top of the leafy poplar in colors transcendently rich and lovely. I rose from my slumbering couch, to view the beauties of the new-born day. The sun was rising to a greater altitude, and the tinges of his countenance began to descend upon the mountain hills, and growing verdure of the vallies. The prospect which met my vision was superlatively beautiful; not a voice was heard to break the melody of the harmonious elements, save the song of the robin, hid in the boughs of the waving poplar, pouring towards Heaven its tender orisons,—or the tones of the lark as he carolled in the wind. Not one human mortal was visible, and even the animals of the brute creation were lounging in the mead, lost in the deep slumbers of the departing night. How glorious! said I, how charming, is the morning, as it first breaks upon the world; while night, with all its phantasmagoria, is yet hovering in its ærial habitation. Truly, 'tis glorious and inimitable! Heaven seems to look upon it with more complacency and loveliness; and to enrobe her in charms more inviting the drowsy sons of Earth, that they may participate in its enjoyment. The sky too was clothed in new raiment; not a cloud chequered its even surface. Where oft rolled the solemn peal of the mighty thunders, and where the lightnings flashed their vivid fires, not a tone was heard, but the soft whisperings of the wind—the language of the morning. How great the contrast, which a comparison of that moment with the tumultuous day, presents. The quiet of the one and the noise of the other—the sweet fragrance of the morning, with all its beauties, is lost in the bustle of the mechanic and artizan, engaged in the active and laborious duties of life.

Goshen, July 31, 1832.

A. B.

COMMUNICATION.  
DEATH.

By the sudden departure of so many from among us to the undiscovered country, we are led to ask what is the true value of life, and probably to set the gift in its true light. We believe the Cholera is not generally a painful passage to eternity, and as we must all die, why is it, we sometimes ask ourselves, that we are so afraid of the present epidemic. We must sometimes look Death in the face, to judge how we shall be able to sustain his approach. Another manner of contemplating the final scene presents nothing afflicting. It consists in observing the influence which Death ought to exercise over life. In noting the rapidity of the flight of time, a wise man seizes upon those ideas which disturb the hours of the multitude, to enhance the charm of his own thoughts. It was not without an aim that certain of the ancient philosophers placed in their festive halls a Death's head decked with roses.

Without doubt the circumstances which precede Death are very afflicting, but sudden deaths ought to cause us fewer tears than any others. Yet we hear it repeated, with a sigh, "the unfortunate sufferer lingered but a few hours." Was not that space sufficiently long when the moments were counted by agony? Let us consider calmly, and we shall perceive in this prompt departure, two motives for consolation; that the deceased whom we regret, saw not the long approach of Death in ad-

vance, and that in meeting it he experienced but a brief pang. Such an end to a virtuous character is worthy of envy, and is the last benefit of heaven.

A fact recognised by numberless observing physicians is, that the last agony of a good man is rarely violent. It is probable, that in regard to all forms of Death, mankind generally entertain the most erroneous conceptions. Many believe that the dissolution of our earthly being is accompanied by all conceivable torments. It is more probable that, in entering upon eternal repose, we experience sensations analogous to those of a wearied man who feels the sweet influence of sleep stealing gently upon him. This is the view which if possible we should endeavor to cherish—it will disarm Cholera and Death itself, of the gloomy horrors which in childhood took possession of our imaginations. Nature invariably employs some means to mitigate the evils which she inflicts; among mortal diseases, those which are severely painful are equally rapid, while those which are slow in their progress are comparatively free from pain. It is the character of even the most violent cases of Asiatic Cholera to terminate in one way or the other very soon, and it is not therefore to be feared as much as a disease which is certainly mortal, but painful and lasting.

The Count de Merle, a man of very little estimation in society, and still less as a man of talents, was, by some unaccountable accident, sent as a minister to Portugal. Being told that at his presentation he must address some flattering compliments to the king, he ordered his secretary to prepare him something for this purpose, and, above all, to make it very short, as his memory, from want of practice, was very treacherous. The adulatory lines were accordingly made as laconic as possible; yet it appeared that the count had not belied his memory, for in the whole journey from Paris to Lisbon, all his efforts to fix them proved ineffectual. The address, however, being indispensable, necessity reduced him to the expedient of having it written off, in large characters, and sewed in his hat. Pleased with this ingenious contrivance, our ambassador boldly presented himself at the audience chamber; but the etiquette of this unpolished court quite dashed his fine prospect; for hardly had he begun, after a profound bow, to open his mouth with "Sire," &c. when the king, according to custom, courteously desired him to cover his head. The ambassador, thinking himself misunderstood, began again, with "Sire, —" when the king, who had reasons to wish a good understanding with France, insisted that the count should not so far demean himself as to remain uncovered. De Merle was forced to submit; but so much chagrined was he at this untoward occurrence that he could not utter a single word; and the next day wrote home, that nothing could be expected from this savage government. Hostilities followed soon after.

LEIGH HUNT.—Leigh Hunt, who is at once one of the best English writers, and one of the worst of men, has more than once given to the world, specimens of poesy, which would do honor to any man or any nation. His 'Feast of the Poets' gained for him the admiration of thousands and the enmity of hundreds—the honors of the wits of the times, and the little inconveniences of Carlisle jail. It was whilst Leigh was confined in prison, that he wrote some of the sweetest stanzas that the prolific muse of England ever produced.

## THE TRAVELLER.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPE.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

*Departure from Paris—Desultory Remarks.*

I take my departure from Paris to-morrow. I have just been making preparations to pack, and it has given me a fit of bad spirits. I have been in France only a few months, but if I had lived my life here, I could not be more at home. In my almost universal acquaintance, I have of course made pleasant friends, and, however time and travel should make us indifferent to such volant attachments, I cannot now cast off these threads of intimacy, without pulling a little upon very sincere feelings. I have been burning the mass of papers and cards that have accumulated in my drawers; and the sight of these French invitations, mementos of delightful and fascinating hours, almost staggers my resolution of departure. It has been an intoxicating time to me. Aside from lighter attractions, this metropolis collects within itself so much of the distinction and genius of the world, and gifted men in Paris, coming here merely for pleasure, are so peculiarly accessible, that one looks upon them as friends to whom he has become attached and accustomed, and leaves the sphere in which he has met them as if he had been a part of it, and had a right to be regretted. I do not think I shall ever spend so pleasant a winter again. And then my local interest is not a light one. I am a lover of out of doors, and I have ransacked Paris thoroughly. I know it all, from its broad faubourgs to its obscurest *cul de sac*. I hunted with antiquaries for coins and old armour; with lovers of adventure for the amusing and odd; with the curious for traces of history; with the romantic for the picturesque. Paris is a world for research. It contains more odd people, and every way more material for uncommon amusements, than any other city in the universe. One might live a life of novelty without crossing the barrier. All this insensibly attaches one. My eye wanders this moment from my paper to these lovely gardens lying beneath my window, and I could not feel more regret if they were mine. Just over the long line of low clipped trees, edging the fashionable terrace, I see the windows of the king within half a stone's throw—the window at which Napoleon has stood, and the long line of the monarchs of France, and it has become to me so much a habit of thought, sitting here in the twilight and musing on the thousand, thousand things linked with the spot my eye embraces, that I feel as if I had grown to it—as if Paris had become to me, what it is proverbially and naturally enough to a Frenchman—"the world."

I have other associations which I part from less painfully, because I hope at some future time to renew them—those with my own countrymen. There are few pleasanter circles than that of the Americans in Paris. Lafayette and his numerous family make a part of them. I could not learn to love this good man more, but seeing him often brings one's reverence more within the limits of the affections; and I consider the little of his attention that has fallen to my share, the honoured part of my life, and the part best worth recording and remembering. He called upon me a day or two ago, to leave with me some copies of a translation of Mr. Cooper's letter on the finances of our government, to be sent to my friend Dr. Howe; but to my regret, I did not see him. He neglects no American, and is ever busied about some project for their welfare. May God continue to bless him!

And speaking of Mr. Cooper, no one who loves or owns a pride in his native land, can live abroad with-

out feeling every day what we owe to the patriotism as well as the genius of this gifted man. If there is an individual who loves the soil that gave him birth, it is he. Mr. Cooper's position is a high one; he has great advantages and he improves them to the uttermost. His benevolence and activity in all enterprises for the relief of the suffering, give him influence, and he employs it like a true philanthropist and a real lover of his country. I say this particularly, although it may look like too personal a remark, because Americans abroad are *not* always *national*.—I am often mortified by reproaches from foreigners, quoting admissions made by my countrymen, which should be last on their lips. A very distinguished person told me a day or two since, that "the Americans abroad were the worst enemies we had in Europe." It is difficult to conceive at home how such a remark stings. Proportionately, one takes a true patriot to his heart, and I feel it right to say here, that the love of country and active benevolence of Mr. Cooper, distinguishes him abroad, even more than his genius. His house is one of the most hospitable and agreeable in Paris; and with Morse and the circle of artists and men of distinction and worth about him, he is an acquaintance sincerely to regret leaving.

From Mr. Rives, our minister, I have received every possible kindness. He has attached me to his legation, to facilitate my access to other courts and the society of other cities, and to free me from delays and annoyances at frontiers and Custom House. It is a particular and valuable kindness, and I feel a pleasure in acknowledging it. Then there is Dr. Bowring, the lover and defender of the United States, who, as the editor of the Westminster Review, should be well remembered in America, and of him I have seen much, and from him I have received great kindness. Altogether, as I said before, Paris is a home to me, and I leave it with a heavy heart.

I have taken a place on the top of the diligence for a week. It is a long time to occupy one seat, but the weather and the season are delicious; and in the covered and roomy cabriolet, with the *conducteur* for a living reference, and all the appliances for comfort, I expect to live very pleasantly night and day, till I reach Marseilles. Vaucluse is on the way, and I shall visit it if I have time and good weather, perhaps—At Marseilles I shall take the steamboat for Leghorn, and thence get directly to Florence, where I shall remain till I have become familiar with the Italian at least. I lay down my pen till all this plan of travel is accomplished, and so, for the present adieu!

From the Georgetown Gazette.

MR. EDITOR—During a recent visit through the New England states, I strolled into the graveyard at Portland, Maine, and copied the following inscriptions from the monuments erected to the memory of Capt. Blyth, Lt. Comdt. Burrows, and Lieut. Waters. Lieut. W. was a native of your town, and if you think any of your readers will be interested by their perusal, you will please publish them. Yours, F.

Beneath this stone  
moulders the body of  
WILLIAM BURROWS,

late commander of the United States Brig Enterprise, who was mortally wounded on the 5th September, 1813, in an action which contributed to increase the fame of American valor, by capturing His Britannic Majesty's Brig Boxer, after a severe conflict of forty-five minutes.

Æ. 23.

A passing stranger has erected this monument of respect to the names of a patriot, who in the hour of peril obey-



ed the loud summons of an injured country, and who gallantly met, fought and conquered the foe man.

Beneath this marble,  
By the side of his gallant commander,  
rest the remains of  
Lieut. KERWIN WATERS,  
a native of Georgetown, District of Columbia;  
who received a mortal wound, Sept. 5, 1813, while a  
Midshipman on board the  
U. S. BRIG ENTERPRISE,  
in an action with H. B. M. Brig BOXER, which terminat-  
ed in the capture of the latter.  
He languished in severe pain, which he endured with  
fortitude, until Sept. 25, 1813, when he died with Chris-  
tian calmness and resignation, aged 18.

The young men of Portland  
erect this stone  
as a testimony of their respect for  
his valor and virtues.

In memory of  
Capt. SAMUEL BLYTH,  
late commander of  
His Britannic Majesty's Brig BOXER.  
He nobly fell on the 5th day of Sept. 1813, in action with  
the U. S. Brig ENTERPRISE.  
In life honorable!  
In death glorious!  
His country will long deplore one of her bravest sons.  
His friends long lament one of the best of men.  
Æ 29.  
The surviving officers of his crew offer this feeble tri-  
bute of admiration and regard.

#### BETHLEHEM.

*From a Traveller's Note Book.*

We visited this charming town, on our way to Phila-  
delphia, and found it to exceed our most sanguine ex-  
pectations. It has become the resort of many from va-  
rious parts of the Union, and some families from "the  
city," spend a part of the summer here. The accom-  
modations are good. We stopped at the large estab-  
lishment kept by Mr. Atherton, who with his wife does  
every thing to make it the traveller's home. The house  
is very large, three stories high, and commands a fine  
view of the country. It belongs to the Moravians, by  
whom this place was first settled; and at this time it  
continues to be exclusively, a Moravian settlement.  
The only place of worship is a spacious church belong-  
ing to that denomination; it will contain on the lower  
floor about two thousand persons. The Moravians are  
fond of music; and in the church besides a fine toned  
organ, they have a full band of instruments. A day or  
two previous to our arrival, one of their old members  
died; and as they have a peculiar ceremony on such  
occasions, you shall have it as communicated to me.  
As soon as a member dies, 4 musicians ascend to the  
top of the tower of the church, with trumpets, and  
announce the event to the four quarters by blowing  
the death dirge. The body is immediately removed to  
the house appointed for the dead; and on the third day,  
the friends of the deceased assemble at the church,  
where the funeral service is performed. The corpse is  
brought from the dead house to the lawn in front. The  
mourners place themselves around it, and after several  
strains of solemn music, the procession takes up the  
line of march to the grave, preceded by the band still  
playing, which is continued some time after the coffin  
is deposited. The grave yard is kept with perfect neat-  
ness. The graves are in rows, on each of which is  
placed a piece of stone, about twelve inches square,  
on which is engraved the name of the deceased—the

date of his birth and of his death. Among the many  
that we looked at, was that of the pious Heckewelder,  
who was born in 1743, and died in 1823.—Bethlehem  
is about 50 miles from Philadelphia and 10 from Eas-  
ton, between which place and New York, there is a  
daily line of stages. It is situated on the Lehigh, that  
river and the canal to the Delaware running through  
it. One thing is remarkable—that *not a single lawyer*  
resides in Bethlehem.—The community system of the  
Moravians accounts for this moral phenomenon.

SARATOGA AND SCHENECTADY RAILROAD.—This road,  
which was commenced about the middle of September  
last, is now so far completed that carriages passed over  
the whole line last week, excepting a short carrying  
place at the village of Ballston Spa. Notwithstanding  
the unusual length and severity of the winter, nearly  
twenty-one miles of the road have been completed in  
about five laboring months, and in less than ten months  
from the commencement of the work; and this too,  
without any material extra expenditure. The cost of  
the road indeed, will be within the original estimates  
of the Engineer, Mr. Jervis, (not exceeding \$250,000)  
and the opening is in all respects as early as was prom-  
ised last season. The route, for the most part, is  
through a pleasant, and in many respects a delightful  
country, enriched with a diversified and beautiful sce-  
nery.—So nearly connected as this road is with the  
Mohawk and Hudson rail road, (the western canal,  
over which is a bridge, merely intervening,) passen-  
gers from the south, instead of encountering the dusty,  
heavy, and tedious roads heretofore travelled, will be  
enabled to reach the Springs from Albany in about 3½  
hours, by means of an elegant, safe and airy convey-  
ance, forming altogether one of the most delightful ex-  
cursions that can be found in the country.—Added to  
which, the carriages fitted up for the purpose are prob-  
ably the best of the kind that have ever been made in  
the United States. They each assume the appearance  
of three spacious coaches, and are calculated for 18 or  
24 passengers; but are so constituted, that by means of  
light pannells or slides, parties of six, eight, twelve,  
sixteen, eighteen or twenty-four, can be perfectly se-  
parated and accommodated, and at the same time enjoy  
an uninterrupted prospect of the country, and a free  
circulation of air.

The Springs will now be brought within a short  
and elegant ride from Albany, New York, and sever-  
al of the southern cities, and the objections heretofore  
raised against our roads, as being an insuperable bar-  
rier to a jaunt of pleasure, obviated. Instead of the part  
most dreaded, the excursion from Albany to this place  
will now be the most attractive and interesting.

A USEFUL MEMBER OF SOCIETY.—The Missouri Re-  
publican gives the following off hand description of a  
candidate for Congress. "We have not much to say of  
Master Birch: His history may be packed in a nutshell;  
he has been an editor of a paper, without readers; an  
advertising attorney without clients; a country candi-  
date without voters; and a politician without know-  
ledge or principle."

This same Master Birch made a stump speech  
against the protective system, in which he said: "A  
tariff is a cartel plenipotentiary, and a cartel is a writ-  
ing or agreement stipulatory between belligerents!"

The Editor of the Republican thinks his style a lit-  
tle too alderberontophosphornio-chrononhotuntholo-  
gistical for common folks.

### THE BOULEVARDS OF PARIS.

No city in the world possesses a promenade so beautiful, so extensive, and so varied, as the long succession of boulevards in Paris. It is a perpetual fair—a living panorama—where the reflective observer may see, passing in review before him, all the different classes of society; and may learn the manners, the dress, and the ordinary customs of each quarter of the city; for you must understand that there is a world of difference between the inhabitants of the Boulevards Italien, and those of the Pont aux Choux; between the promenaders of Coblentz, and those of Turkish Garden.

At eight o'clock in the morning every thing is in motion on the Boulevards of the temple. The shops are opened; the goods displayed; the masters are walking out; the cooks are going to market; and the artisans are going to fetch or carry home their work. I walk on the Port St. Dennis, and already the scene is changed. There no one yet thinks of rising. I go on the Boulevards de la Madeline, where the most perfect calm prevails.—Every body is asleep. Life is not the same thing here as in the quarter we have quitted; and the day commences at the Chaussee d'Antin at least three hours later than in the Morais.

I enter a coffee house which is just opened; the waiters look at me with astonishment; breakfast will not be ready here for the next two or three hours. At noon the most fashionable people begin to appear; the shops glitter, cabriolets roll, and every thing appears animated. The world of fashion is awake, and now hastens to this quarter, which may be considered as the capital of its empire. At three o'clock the promenade is delightful; people come to show their new dresses, the elegance which has presided over their toilettes, and an air of splendor pervades throughout, which strikes with awe and astonishment the simple citizen of Faubourg St. Antoine. It is true that the ladies and gentleman do seem tired of themselves. The ladies seem to have more of coquetry than enjoyment; but they walk so gracefully—the unmeaning small talk which they utter is said in so agreeable a manner—that I cannot quit. The hours go on; I enter a coffee-room where those fashionable folks dine; but when I cast my eyes over the bill of fare which is presented to me, I perceive that every thing is treated upon much too grand a scale for me. The potent figures upon this talisman break the spell which has bound me; I make my exit somewhat sobered: and now the promenade is deserted.

I turn my steps backward to the less fashionable Boulevards, and immediately the difference which I perceive in the air, manners, and dress of the people I meet, informs me that I am again entering that part of the city in which the day begins and finishes earlier. The artisan walks about singing, the soldier whistling, and the young girls looking round on each side of them, as if they were seeking something. All the young people have a kind of business air; and by this time the hour of departure has arrived. But, unlucky event; the weather is overcast; the rain begins to fall. The promenaders quicken their pace, but the big cloud bursts over them before they reach a shelter. The scene becomes busier; the husband pulls his wife on hastily, while she busies herself in scolding him for having made her put on her best shawl. That fat matronly lady is running herself out of breath; and that young one is filled with anxiety for the fate of her beautiful bonnet and new shoes. The young man who has brought his mistress out for a walk, curses the rain, and calls in vain to every hackney coach that passes; while that grave looking person opens his umbrella of many holes, which conveniently lets the rain through upon him.

It was only a summer shower—the clouds are already gone, and fair weather shines again. The umbrella is put down, calm is restored, the dresses are not much the worse, and in a quarter of an hour the Boulevards are as much thronged as if not a drop had fallen. So necessary

is a promenade to many people in Paris—the old man promenades his recollections, the young lover his hopes, the author his projects, the opulent man his indolence, the old lady her favorite lap-dog, the nursery maid her children, the cox-comb his vanity, the coquette her fine clothes, the Savoyard his wonderful money, the grisette her jet black eyes, and the young girl her fine walking-dresses.

I am now upon the Boulevard du Temple, where every body seems to be happy, and where they look on the tricks of a dancing-dog or juggler, with as much pleasure at least as they would have derived from witnessing the last new comedy. Night approaches, the promenaders retire, the crowd becomes thinner; some few of them remain about the magic lanterns—some, however, go right home—all is perfectly still, and yet it is only ten o'clock.

Since I am in the way of promenading, I will go to Tortoni's. I quit the good people who end the day with a song, and soon lose the sound of the voices of the pretty light-hearted grisettes, who are humming the burden of the last vaudeville they heard at the Gaité. I proceed to the Chaussee d'Antin, which I reach about half past ten o'clock. The evening is just beginning; the coffee houses are glowing with light, and perfectly crowded; the promenade is more so than ever, I enter and call for eau de ice, and look on at the billiard table. The time passes imperceptibly, and one o'clock strikes. I go out; the noise has ceased, the Boulevards are deserted; some young men, the last in the room, at length quit it; and as they pass me, I perceive they are harrassed and tired out with their day's labor. At length all are gone—but I hear no one singing.

From Knapp's Life of Webster.

In the summer of 1828, Mr. Webster visited the Island of Nantacket, upon professional business, but was so much struck with the people and their place of residence, that he took pains to get all the information about the place and inhabitants he could readily find. He examined the island, apparently only a mound of sand, to the amount of twenty-three or four thousand acres, without forests, or even a grove to be seen, and only a few single trees which seemed to have been planted in doubt, and watched by care, without much faith in their growth. Yet, on this seemingly barren island, he ascertained that there were fifteen thousand sheep, three or four hundred cows, and one hundred horses, that wandered where they pleased from one end to the other, of this great pasture, summer and winter, spring and fall, and all thrived on the scanty grass which sprang up above the sand.

The inhabitants of this island he found a shrewd intelligent people, amounting to nearly eight thousand souls, bearing all the strong marks of the primitive simplicity of their ancestors; and, unlike, in many respects, any other maritime people that history has made us acquainted with. The island was settled in 1659 by emigrations from the towns of Salisbury and Amesbury, in the county of Essex, in Massachusetts. Many of those settlers came to the island the second or third years after the proprietors (twenty-seven in number) had taken possession of the island; and had fled from fear of the emissaries of Charles the Second, who pursued the friends and adherents of Hugh Peters with unrelenting severity, many of whom had come to Salisbury, for security, but thought it wiser to take a less noted place.—The island had been the favourite abode of a very large tribe of Indians, which had been carried off by a sweeping sickness that preceded the coming of the pilgrims. The English emigrants, unfortunately, in their hatred to a wilderness, felled the forest trees



in order to extend their crops of English grain and Indian corn; but this act of clearing all smoothly, in the course of half a century, destroyed the island for tillage; for, in the long storms, the sand was blown across the island, and the arable soil was so deeply covered with those dancing atoms, that agricultural pursuits were nearly abandoned, and the inhabitants looked to the ocean for their support. At the close of the seventeenth, or at the commencement of the eighteenth century, these islanders began the whale fishery, which had been carried on at Cape Cod for some time before. This was done in boats of a shape that has given the name to a class of boats now used for despatch, called "whale boats." The whales became scarce along the shore, and larger boats were built to pursue them north and south. In the war the English and their colonics had with France, these islanders were exposed, and their business interrupted by privateers; in fact, they were often annoyed by the buccaneers in a previous age; but, notwithstanding every difficulty, the war of our revolution found them rich and flourishing.

At this time, 1775, they had reached the coast of Brazil, and were successful in taking whales there.—In 1791, they doubled Cape Horn, and pursued the sperm whale into the Pacific, near the equator, many years in succession. Within ten years past, finding their prey diminishing in numbers on their old cruising ground, and governed a little by that spirit of adventure, by which they not only acquired a reputation, but great wealth, have pushed westward and circumnavigated the globe, in the ordinary course of their business. Mr. Webster was delighted with the government and economy of a whale-ship; powers, duties, profits, honours, all properly apportioned, and yet admirably conjoined and brought to act with great energy and effect. If one of their whale-ships does not bear the majesty of national strength and glory around the world, it shows to every nation in every sea, what intelligence, enterprise, industry, and perseverance can effect.

No men are more fond of home than these voyagers; they come back to their sterile sands as to an Eden, for there they left all they held dear to their hearts; it is the sweet Argos from whence they sailed for the golden fleece: and they obtained it without robbing any of their fellow men.

The people of Nantucket are intelligent, for these whale-ships, for nearly half the time while on their voyages, are, in truth, Lyceums, where mathematics and natural history and general knowledge are taught. The log-books and journals of these whalers are well kept; the hand-writing in these books is good, and the reckonings admirably made, and every one does something towards making a minute history of the voyage.

On the Island of Nantucket he met with a philosopher, mathematician, and an astronomer, in Walter Folger, worthy to be ranked among the great discoverers in science. His ancestors, for a long line, on the island, have been distinguished for their knowledge of mathematics. Folger has invented a telescope, second only to Herschell's in power. This visit took deep hold on the feelings of Mr. Webster; it made a new item in his historical treasures.

Not long after this tour to Nantucket, the people of that island petitioned Congress for a breakwater, or rather for an appropriation for a survey of the island, and the waters washing it; which at length settled into an appropriation for deepening the channel to the principal harbour of the island. For ages, all the large vessels had to unload wholly or principally

before they could be brought to the wharves. This probably would not have been brought about, if the information which Mr. Webster had obtained on his visit, had not in his forcible manner been concentrated and given to the Senate.

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### DEATHS.

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DIED, at Harrisburg, on Saturday last, at 10 o'clock, A. M. of dysentery, JOSEPH JEFFERSON, Senior, Comedian.

By the death of this distinguished actor, the American stage is bereft of its brightest ornament. During the many years that he was before the public, he was not only unrivalled in his peculiar department, but we may safely assert, that of his competitors, there was not one who could endure the comparison. From the commencement of his career, until a few weeks previous to his death, he continued with "untired spirit" to hold the highest station in the mimic scene, and while his own heart was lacerated by an accumulation of family misfortunes, he was the delight and admiration of the public. In the endearing relations of private life, Mr. Jefferson was no less esteemed. His integrity, though engaged in a profession with which calumny is always busy, was unsullied. In fact, the narrow circumstances which induced him to remain until the last upon the stage, were in a measure owing to the goodness of his heart, and that consciousness of rectitude, which prevents suspicion against others, rather than to any deficiency of encouragement on the part of the public.

As a father, the lamentations of his children speak more feelingly of him, than could be done by any array of words; and as a friend it is sufficient to say that of the many who had opportunities of being acquainted with his character, there was none who did not both respect and esteem him. Death, for a year or two past, has been busy in his domestic circle. His wife and several of his children have perished in rapid succession, and these repeated shocks upon a man of his remarkably affectionate disposition, have not been without their effect in rendering him an easy victim to the ravages of disease. Mr. Jefferson's habits were domestic; his means of enjoyment were interwoven with the presence of his numerous family, and it cannot cause surprise, that seeing them sinking from his side into the grave, his spirit became broken by affliction, although all outward signs were studiously repressed, for the sake of those who remained, and who labored assiduously to cheer the widowed heart. But he is gone, and, estimable both as an actor and a man, it may well be said—

— "Take him for all in all,  
We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

MILTON, N. C. Aug. 1, 1831.

**MARRIAGE AND DEATH.**—Married on Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. D. A. Penick, Captain THOMAS L. STEVENS, to Miss MARTHA J. FARLEY, daughter of Mr. James Farley all of this town.

Died, on the morning of the 27th ult. Captain THOMAS L. STEVENS, of this place, in the 36th year of his age. Seldom, if ever have we witnessed a more unexpected or more lamentable dispensation of Providence than that displayed in the death of our worthy townsman and fellow-citizen. Married on Wednesday evening, he lived not to see the dawn of Friday morning. He retired to bed on Thursday night in apparent health and happiness, and without exhibiting any indication of illness; at five in the morning, his youthful and affectionate bride discovered him to be in the struggle and agonies of death. Medical aid was instantly summoned, but in vain; the insatiate archer had sped his arrow—the vital spark was gone.

## MISCELLANY.

## THE BLUSH OF MODESTY.

"Paint us, dear Zeuxis," said some of the chief inhabitants of Cortona, "paint us a portrait of the Grecian Helen, and in her the beau-ideal of female loveliness." "I consent," replied the artist, "on condition you send to me, as models, six of the most beautiful maidens of your city, in order that I may select from each some particular charm." On the morrow they came, so beautiful in youth and gracefulness, that now for the first time the painter mistrusted the power of his art. "Ye are indeed fair, my charming maids," he said, "but it is indispensable that you should sit to me unveiled." "Unveiled!" they all exclaimed in surprise: "unveiled! never! never!" was echoed from mouth to mouth. By dint, however, of entreaties, but more by flattery, the courteous artist succeeded in allaying the scruples of five of them, but the constancy of the sixth remained unshaken. "Though it were to be Venus herself," she cried, indignantly, "I would not consent." All expostulation was vain—she fled, blushing. Zeuxis took his pencil and colors—studied his models, and after a few weeks of incessant labor, produced his "Helen," the glory of his art, and the admiration of the world. The day of public exhibition arrived; the applause was unanimous—the candid and unprejudiced were enraptured—the jealous and the envious reclaimed or overawed. But, alone dissatisfied amidst the universal triumph, the artist exhibited on his wrinkled brow the marks of discontent. "Ever prone as thou art," said his friend Aretus, "to discover faults in thy own performances where none exist, what can now be thy subject of regret?" "The drawing," answered Zeuxis, "is perfect, the subject faultless, and I might indeed write beneath it, 'henceforward it will be easier to criticise this picture than to imitate it;' but there is still one thing wanting to its perfection." "And what can that be?" "The blush of the sixth maiden."

## TO A CHILD IN PRAYER.

Fold thy little hands in prayer,  
Bow down at thy Maker's knee;  
Now thy sunny face is fair,  
Shining through thy golden hair,  
Thine eyes are passion-free;  
And pleasant thoughts like garlands bind thee  
Unto thy home, yet Grief may find thee—  
Then pray, Child, pray!

Now thy young heart like a bird  
Singeth in its summer nest,  
No evil thought, no unkind word,  
No bitter, angry voice hath stirr'd  
The beauty of its rest.  
But winter cometh, and decay  
Wasteth thy verdant home away—  
Then pray, Child, pray!

Thy Spirit is a House of Glee,  
And Gladness harpeth at the door,  
While ever with a merry shout  
Hope, the May-queen danceth out,  
Her lips with music running o'er!  
But Time those strings of joy will sever,  
And Hope will not dance on for ever;  
Then pray, Child, pray!

Now thy Mother's Hymn abideth  
Round thy pillow in the night,  
And gentle feet creep to thy bed,  
And o'er thy quiet face is shed  
The taper's darken'd light.  
But that sweet Hymn shall pass away,  
By thee no more those feet shall stray:  
Then pray, Child, pray!

## COLOSSAL SIZE.

A family of silk weavers is living in the quarter St. Jacques, of Paris, consisting of a father, mother, and child, all of whom enjoy uninterrupted and vigorous health; the former two, ever since their marriage, have continued to live upon four pounds of coarse wheaten bread and one pound of beef, daily, these substances being so distributed that one fourth of each is eaten by the mother, one fourth by the child, and two fourths by the father; in addition to these substances, they take nothing during the day but a little coffee, not remarkably strong, in the morning; and when business is flourishing, once in a while, by way of holiday feasting, a few vegetables, such as haricot bean, cabbage, or potato. The husband is from Caen, forty-five years of age, nine feet ten inches in height, and very robust and fat; the wife is from Lyons, thirty-four years of age, about five feet high, and very strong and muscular; the child is also strong and healthy, and nine years of age. The parents have been married eighteen years, the whole of which period they have dwelt in the same part of Paris; the wife has produced six children, and is now pregnant with the seventh; has suffered very little during her accouchement, except the first; and has never, while nursing, consumed more than the quantity of food already mentioned, nor felt any want of more. Five of the children died from convulsions during the period of teething. The mother attended me as sick nurse, living with me in the house and sitting up night and day for near five weeks. She consumed so little food as to be remarked, both by myself and the master of the hotel, with whom she dined.—*Correspondence of the London Medical Journal.*

UNCERTAINTY OF INFANT PROMISE.—The tempers of children are so various that some display their powers as soon as they speak. Pope lisped in numbers; some even presignify their glory before they articulate; as in certain latitudes the sun is discernable, though for days and weeks he never rises above the horizon, while others, and the most famous, have been tardy in unfolding their abilities. Robert of Sicily, though most famous for his learning and genius, was so torpid when a boy that he was with difficulty taught the rudiments of grammar. Claude, the unrivalled master of the dressed landscape, was a dull youth. La Fontaine had not the spirit of poetry awakened in him before his twenty-second year. Dryden gave no public testimony of his talents before he was twenty-seven. And Cowper did not become an author till he was fifty. On the contrary, Baratiere, John Condiac, and other boys of surprising abilities, produced nothing meritorious. Their minds, like those bodies which rapidly exceed the common growth, quickly decay, while those of ordinary stature attain confirmed strength, and long-lived maturity.

ANGLING IN THE SKY.—The author of the 'Sketch Book,' in his 'Tales of the Alhambra,' gives the following account of a novel species of amusement, he witnessed amongst the inhabitants of that antiquated pile of regal Moorish magnificence:—"Before concluding these remarks, I must mention one of the amusements of the place which has particularly struck me. I had repeatedly observed a long, lean fellow perched on the top of one of the towers, manœuvring two or three fishing rods, as though he was angling for stars. I was for some time perplexed by the evolutions of this aerial fisherman, and my perplexity increased on observing others employed in like manner, on different parts of the battlements and bastions; it



was not until I had consulted Mateo Ximenes that I solved the mystery. It seems that the pure and airy situation of this fortress has rendered it, like the castle of Macbeth, a prolific breeding place for swallows and marlets, who sport about its towers in myriads, with the holiday glee of urchins just let loose from school. To entrap these birds in their giddy circlings, with hooks baited with flies, is one of the favorite amusements of the ragged 'sons of the Alhambra,' who, with the good for nothing ingenuity of idlers have thus invented the art of angling in the sky."

### COMETS.

Comets are supposed to be opaque bodies like our Earth, which revolve about the Sun in orbits very unlike those of the Planets. These orbits are very eccentric ellipses; so that at one time they approach very near the Sun, some of them even nearer than the Planet Mercury, and again to recede to an immense distance, sometimes far beyond the planet Herschell.

Comets are distinguished in a remarkable manner from the other heavenly bodies, by a lucid *train* or *tail* which always extends in a direction of nearly opposite the Sun. The tails of Comets are of various length; sometimes they are hardly to be discerned, and at other times, they extend through 90 or 100 degrees of the visible heavens, reaching from the Zenith to the Horizon!

Comets are supposed, from the apparent size they have sometimes assumed, to have approached very near the Earth. One is said to have been visible at Rome during the reign of the Emperor Nero, whose apparent magnitude equalled that of the Sun; but hitherto no Comet has threatened the Earth with a nearer approach, than a very remarkable one which appeared in the year 1680. Doctor Halley has computed that on the 11th of November of that year at six minutes past one, P. M. that Comet was not more than 4000 miles northward of the Earth's orbit on its descent towards the Sun; at which time, had the Earth been in that part of its orbit, near which the Comet was then passing, a change would have taken place in the plan of the Earth's orbit, and perhaps other consequences more serious and important would have followed. As it was, the Comet passed the Earth's orbit about one sign or thirty degrees east of the actual place of our Earth at that time, which would make it more than fifty millions of miles distant. Had this Comet come down about one month later, it would have passed within 4000 miles of the Earth. Doctor Halley adds that if so large a body, with a motion so rapid as that of this Comet, when near the Sun, were to strike against our Earth, (a thing *humanly speaking* by no means improbable,) the shock might reduce this beautiful creation to its primitive chaos.

Astronomers have been much baffled in their attempts to calculate the return of Comets. The orbits of ninety-eight Comets have been computed from the actual observations; but very few of these have returned at the times predicted. The period of but three Comets is known with certainty. The first of these is a Comet which was first observed in 1682. Dr. Halley predicted the return of this Comet in 1759, at which time it actually returned. Its period is about 76 years, and it will probably be again visible in 1835. Both of the others will return in the course of the present year. The present of these is known by the name of Encke's Comet, because its last return was correctly computed by Professor Encke, of Leeburg in Germany. It is a small body having a period of about three years and four months. It will be nearest the Sun about the 3th of May, at which time it is believed it will be too far south of the equator to be seen at this place, but will be visible in South America.

The other Comet which will return this year, is called *Biela's Comet*, after the name of the Astronomer who first saw it at its last return in 1826. This Comet revolves about the Sun in a period of about six years and

eight months. Many reports have been published in the periodicals, both in Europe and in America, of the appearance of a Comet during the present year within 60,000 miles of the Earth's orbit, which is about one fourth the distance of our moon, and serious consequences have been apprehended from its near approach to the Earth, should the Earth happen to be in the part nearest the Comet. It is probable that the one above mentioned will cross the plane of the Earth's orbit very near the track of the Earth; and should the Earth be, at that moment, in the corresponding part of its orbit, the most serious effects might follow. Perhaps the mutual attraction of these bodies would bring them into actual contact, with a tremendous concussion, that might destroy a portion of this fair creation, or, perhaps this Comet, thus coming within the sphere of the Earth's attraction, might be arrested in its progress towards the Sun, and henceforth be made to revolve around the Earth as a centre, and thus form a *second moon* to our globe. It is believed, however, that this Comet will approach nearest the Earth's orbit about the 1st of November, whereas the Earth will not arrive at the corresponding point in its orbit till the 28th of November. It will consequently cross the Earth's orbit many millions of miles eastward of our Earth. Had this Comet come down about four weeks later, it would then indeed have approached very near the Earth, probably much nearer than our Moon, and in that case some of the singular and truly alarming effects mentioned might have resulted.

The following are some of the particulars that have been ascertained respecting this Comet:—It will cross the orbit of Mars in its descent towards the Sun about the 6th September, at which time it will rise fifteen minutes before nine, P. M. about fifty degrees north of east, that is, a little north of northeast. It may not however be visible to us so early as this. It will be nearest the Earth on the 23d October, at which time it will be distant about 51 millions of miles. At this time, it will rise about 35 degrees north of east, at about 10 o'clock, P. M. It will be nearest the Sun on the 28th November, and will then be distant from him about 85 millions of miles; it will therefore come within the orbit of the Earth, but not within that of Venus. It will be brightest about the 13th November, at which time it will pass the meridian at about half past four, A. M., at an elevation of about 70 degrees above the horizon. Its great elongation from the Sun, and elevation above the horizon will present the greatest possible advantage for observing this Comet, as at that time it will be visible through the whole night. As it is not however supposed to be a very large body, its appearance may probably be less striking than of some that have occasionally appeared.

From the Montreal Gazette.

### SONG.

'Tis come, 'tis come, the twilight hour,  
And I that promise claim of thee,  
To stray beyond thy guardian bower,  
Along with me.

So dearest we will seek the glen,  
So lovely in a night like this,  
And let me breathe my passion then,  
Say yes—say yes.

And I will whisper not a word,  
To raise a blush upon thy cheek,  
Nor breathe a wish if angels heard,  
They might not speak.

But when I've told thee all my love,  
Ah! dare I steal one parting kiss,  
No witness but the stars above,  
Say yes—say yes.

## LOVER'S LEAP—BY PROXY.

In Herrick's History of Haverhill, the following story is given as a historical fact:—

One Joseph Whittaker, who was quartered in the garrison of that town in its early settlement, had become smitten with the charms of one Mary W—, residing there. Long he had wished to declare his passion to her, but he had not the courage. At length Joseph nerved his shrinking courage, and with a palpitating heart, and in broken accents, made a declaration of his love, and closed the harangue by offering her his heart and hand. Mary heard his story very attentively, and then flatly refused to have any thing to do with him. What a hard hearted creature! Joseph was somewhat staggered at so prompt a denial, but determined not to suffer her to escape so easily. He pleaded his cause most manfully; but all was in vain—she remained stubborn and hard hearted as at first. As a last resource, he told her that if she did not accept his offer, he would go and jump into the well! This was truly a desperate resolution; but it had no effect on the cruel heart of the maiden—she still persisted in her refusal. Joseph then arose—probably from a kneeling posture—and casting a long and lingering look on the unfeeling girl, left the garrison. He went to the well, and looking into “the deep and dark abyss,” anxiously weighed the matter before he took the final leap. It was a stern resolve—he thought of it earnestly—he wavered, and at last determined not to throw away his life for such a hard hearted creature. While “casting himself about” to see how he could escape from this sad dilemma, and still preserve some appearance of having done the deed, a new idea happily flashed across his cranium. A large log was lying near, which he resolved should be the Joseph, to jump into the well instead of himself. Soon as this commendable determination was formed, he seized the log, plunged it into the “water deep,” and immediately concealed himself behind the curb.

But where was Mary all this while? She had been listening attentively at the door, half sorry that she had denied him so long, and hardly believing that he would commit so rash an act. But when she heard the heavy plunge of wooden Joseph, her heart completely relented, and oh! how fervently she then wished she had not refused his offer! She hastily ran to the well, and bending over the curb with an agonizing heart, “Oh Joseph! Joseph, Joseph! if you are in the land of the living, I will have you.” Joseph saw and heard the whole, and his heart leaped for joy at this intelligence, and immediately leaving the place of his concealment, he rushed into her arms, “Oh Mary, Mary, I will take you at your word!”

The long embrace—the mutual reconciliation—the many tears of joy and long years of happiness that followed, we will not attempt to describe.

*From the London Times.*

## REFORM.

Reform! Reform! the watchword sounds  
O'er mountain, vale, and plain.  
And every heart with gladness bounds,  
In welcome of that strain.  
Reform! Reform! the standard streams  
Across the sea-girt isle;  
And ev'ry eye where freedom beams,  
Beholds it with a smile.  
A smile! the pledge of steadfast hope,  
Unbroken, undismayed;  
Of energies that dare to cope  
With hostile hosts arrayed.

When tyrants frown, let cravens quail,  
And in their chains be still;  
But Britons, steel'd in freedom's mail,  
Thus speak their sov'reign will.

Ere yet too late let monarchs learn.  
Their power is but in trust;  
Let haughty lords to Gallia turn,  
And gaze on kindred dust.  
For Britain's sons have sternly sworn,  
With one united breath,  
Their streaming standard shall be borne,  
To win REFORM or DEATH!

## EXAMINATION OF M. M. NOAH.

The following ludicrous account of the examination, to which the passengers of the New York steam-boat Benjamin Franklin, were lately subjected in Somerset, is copied from the Pawtucket Chronicle. When the physicians came on board, they ordered both passengers and crew to be paraded in the dining cabin—commenced the examination at the head of the column, and conducted it as follows:—*Question*, Mordecai M. Noah? *Answer*, Here, sir, at your service. Run out your tongue, Mr. Noah. Whereupon Mr. Noah extended to view a healthy looking tongue, which the youngest physician examined with considerable care and attention. *Q.* Have you any *bad disorder* about you Mr. Noah? *A.* Not that I know of, sir—I nullified two pounds of roast beef for my dinner yesterday, and washed it down with a bottle of claret—I consider myself to be in good health. *Q.* Have you had the cholera within ten days; *to your knowledge*, Mr. Noah? *A.* I have not, sir, but I have a wife and children. *Q.* If you are permitted to land, will you pledge yourself never to become a town pauper within the town of Somerset, and will you leave the town immediately? *A.* I will never enter it again knowingly, “either by night or by day; or just before night, or just before day.” After thus examining the whole ship's company, they were permitted to land and proceed to Taunton.

*From the New York Commercial Advertiser.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT.—The article which we copy from the Journal will be read with a feeling of deep melancholy by the true lovers of sterling, powerful genius—such as appears rarely in the course of ages.—Sir Walter Scott is—perhaps, while we write, has been—one of those gifted spirits, to borrow a simile from Fisher Ames, that gleam like so many light houses along an extended line of coast. Smaller lights ray forth their genial influences, and have their remembrance. But such as Sir Walter, who have created beings with whom all the world is familiar, who have made history a plaything and their own imaginative creations histories,—these, the Shakespeares of the world, whom every body knows, as well a thousand years after they are dead, as their cotemporaries did, and perhaps, better,—are ever present, burning brightly and steadily in the world of thought. Their immortal dreams are as much realities, as the dead worthies we read of, who might have got certificates of their birth. Sir Walter has had as much honor as genius could arrogate to itself, without his seeking for it. Princes have done him homage, and he has had the “freedom of the world,” not in a gold snuff box, but in the hearts and intellects of all enlightened Christendom, and probably of Heathendom too. If his sun be sinking, and has already dipped below the horizon, it is like Homer's, according to the prince of critics, grander in size, if less intense in fire.—The



world will mourn his loss ; but his fame is perfect.—  
"He shall not be deplored."

*From the Court Journal.*

We state with deep regret that little or no hope is entertained of the recovery of Sir Walter Scott. Urged by the restlessness often attending on disease, Sir Walter insisted on performing the latter part of his journey homewards with a continued rapidity capable of disordering the constitution of the strongest body. For six successive days he travelled upwards of seventeen hours each day, and the consequence was a fresh paralytic attack. In this state the worthy Baronet arrived at the St. James's Hotel, Jermyn street, where he was immediately attended by Sir Henry Hallford and Dr. Holland, and by their advice was freely bled, which operation restored him in some degree to perception. Until he had been subjected to this treatment, he had no recollection of persons; and indeed, we understand that even now, of all his friends, Dr. Holland is the only one whom he has recognised. His daughter, Mrs. Lockhart, is in assiduous attendance on her father; but he is unconscious that the hand which ministers with such tender solicitude to his minutest wants, is that of the child of his affection. That placidity which formed one of his most distinguishing characteristics, has yielded to the long vexation of disease. The wand of the great magician is broken, and the light of that mighty mind has paled at last beneath the accidents of our common mortality.

**A REMINISCENCE.**—The Lynn, Mass. Weekly Messenger pleasantly relates an incident, that took place in that town far back in the days when the good Mr. Treadwell officiated as pastor of the "Old Tunnel," so denominated.

It was the custom of the young women and men, to deck themselves, on their attendance at church, with fresh blown natural flowers, [not artificial, as now-a-days,]—the lasses, their heads decorated, and the lads with a rose or some other flower tucked in the buttonhole of the vest.

On an occasion of this kind on a certain sabbath, it happened that a swarm of bees took shelter in the sanctuary from a thunder storm, and commenced their honey gathering operations upon the heads of the young ladies, and the vests of the young men. This produced alarm in some, and mirth in others, and had well nigh produced a disturbance that would have interrupted the services. The good pastor, however, proceeded without apparently noticing the transactions below, till one of the intruders making a circuit around the head of the venerable preacher, suddenly settled upon his dignified face and inflicted a most malicious wound. This, in the height of one of his fine wrought sentences, called forth an involuntary ejaculation; and with the pain and the sudden swelling effects of the subtle poison, it was with difficulty that the good man reached the close of his services. Grief and sympathetic suffering were visible in the countenances of the whole congregation who loved their pastor; and from that time the young resolved never to lay a similar temptation in the way of the winged warriors, but to substitute scentless, artificial flowers; and this is considered the origin of the practice which continues to this day.

"What is the reason," said the old marquis of F— to his young wife, "that you can't enjoy my company at home, instead of running abroad; ought we not to be one person?" "Oh yes," said the lively brunette, "we certainly are so—and I hate solitude."

From the Liverpool, Perry County, Pa. paper.

### LIVERPOOL FAIR.

The Liverpool Jovial Club, ever alive to anything which promises a little amusement, after harvest have resolved to celebrate the Anniversary of the formation of their club, on Thursday and Friday, the 2d and 3d days of August.

Come, lasses, prepare,  
Let us haste to the Fair—  
John, tackle the horses and wagon:  
This place is a fool  
To the famed Liverpool—  
So let us get ready and jog on.  
It is right for a man  
To have fun when he can,  
But fun is no fun without lasses;  
So girls set your caps,  
And comb up your man-traps,  
And enjoy the rare time as it passes.  
When we get to the place,  
Boys, we'll kiss the fair face  
Of every sweet girl in the borough;  
And if they get mad,  
Why, we'll make them *twice glad*,  
By doing the same thing to-morrow.  
We'll dance and we'll sing  
To the light fiddle-string,  
Till we blow like a trip-hammer bellows—  
We'll drink and we'll eat  
All their grog and their meat,  
And *pay up* like a set of good fellows.  
And when we have done,  
And have seen all the fun,  
We'll come back to our little plantation,  
And again we will strive,  
By our labor to thrive,  
And not trouble the State or the Nation.  
Then huzza for the Fair,  
All the folks will be there,  
We will frolic, but still we'll be civil;  
But the wine we will quaff,  
While we sing, dance, and laugh,  
And kick sorrow and care to the d\*\*\*.

Hucksters, fiddlers, dancers, &c. are invited to attend and help along with the sport: none of your lukewarm celebrations; none of your half-laughs; none of your two-penny gingerbread business; but a regular built, sober, civil, genteel, fashionable, flashing Anniversary, which, like Christmas and New-Year, only comes once a year. In addition to the above splendid bill of fare, several horse races may be expected, which will add much to the Sports of the occasion.

**HASTY BURIAL.**—It is apprehended that many persons who have been attacked with Cholera in England have been buried too hastily, from a fear of causing the contagion to spread, by keeping the deceased above ground. The Glasgow Free Press tells a story of a workman at Calder Ironworks who was attacked with the disease, and for whom a physician was immediately called. The physician, however, soon pronounced the case hopeless, and the patient was soon afterwards declared to be dead. He was accordingly clad in the white habiliments of death. But soon after these garments had been properly adjusted, the coffin prepared, and all things in readiness to hurry the unfortunate cholera patient to his long home—up he starts in the bed and cries, 'Lassie, mak' me some tea, for I'm wonderfu' dry.' 'Na, na,' quoth the lassie, 'I daurna do that, father, ye're dead!' The family alarmed, fled from the invalid, and he had to rise, free himself from his garments, and make the tea for himself. The story is stated to be true, but it certainly wears very much the complexion of romance.

## NOTES OF A UNIVERSAL READER.

"Come, let us stray  
Where Chance or Fancy leads our roving walk."

A Cape Town (Cape of Good Hope) paper, contains the following singular notices:—

**DEATH.** Notice is hereby given to friends and relatives, and also to the Lutheran community, that my son-in-law, the Rev. F. Hesse, formerly minister of the community, died, in the county of Hoya, on the 5th January last, aged 59 years and 10 months. I request to be excused the visits of condolence. O. M. BERGH, Sen.

**DIED:** in London, on the 7th instant, my beloved husband W. T. Small, of which I beg to give notice to friends and relatives.  
ROSANNAH SMALL,  
Cape Town, 3th May, 1832. Born M'Manus.

**WOMAN.**—Female loveliness cannot be clothed in a more pleasing garb than that of knowledge. A female thus arrayed is one of the most interesting objects of creation. Every eye rests upon her with pleasure—the learned and wise of the opposite sex delight in her society, and affix to her character respect and veneration. Ignorance and folly stand reprov'd in her presence, and vice in his bold career, shrinks abashed at her gaze. She moves the joy, the delight, the pride of the domestic circle—she excites the praise—the admiration of the world. A female, thus armed, thus equipped, is prepared to encounter every trial which this uncertain state may bring—to rise with proper elation to the pinnacle of fortitude, or sink with becoming fortitude into the abyss of poverty; to attain with a cheerful serenity the heights of bliss, or endure with patient firmness the depths of woe.

**CHOLERA QUARANTINES.**—If they have a bit of a Solon, or six inches of a Galen in Providence, R. I. we should like to know it. The medical wisdom of that important city, together with its twin sister Newport, is of the most curious quality. Smoking, fumigation, ordering off—passing laws, and all against the poor sinful New York boats, which happen to come from this epidemic city! All these, however, will be of little avail unless they carry their quarantine laws a little further. They must make up their minds to quarantine the atmosphere—to lay an embargo on the wind—to say to the gale

"Cease rude Boreas, blustering railer,"

or enact some equally efficacious "Mede-and-Persian law." The Cholera is a pestilence that traverses unseen the face of the earth. It passes over mountains—crosses deserts—traverses oceans—and moves where it listeth—quarantines cannot stop it.

Philadelphia and Boston have acted pretty sensibly in this matter—they have cleaned their city—organised its medical advice, and are ready for the enemy. Edinburgh did the same, and it passed over them with little severity.—*New York Courier.*

The local designation of the following anecdote confirms its authenticity, which however required no other indication than the characteristic humor of Addison in his odd conception of old Montaigne.

When Mr. Addison lodged in Kensington Square, he read over some of "Montaigne's Essays," and finding little or no information in the chapters of what their titles promised, he closed the book more confused than satisfied.

"What think you of this famous French author?" said a gentleman present.

"Think!" said he smiling. "Why that a pair of manacles, or a stone doublet would probably have been of some service to that author's infirmity."

"Would you imprison a man for singularity in writing?"

"Why let me tell you," replied Addison, "if he had been a horse he would have been pounded for straying, and why he ought to be more favored because he is a man, I cannot understand."

Many epitaphs and inscriptions were composed for Sir Isaac Newton. It was a contest with the wits of the day. We are only acquainted with the fine poem of Thomson, dedicated to his memory, and the inscription designed by Pope. I discovered an epitaph on the father of modern philosophy, which, as far as I have been enabled to ascertain, still lies in its manuscript state. The conception is sublime as the subject.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

More than his name were less—'twould seem to fear  
He who increased heaven's fame, could want it here;  
Yet when the suns he lighted up shall fade,  
And all the worlds he found, are first decayed,  
Then void and waste *Eternity* shall lie,  
And *Time*, and *Newton's* name, together die.

A medical confession, frankly delivered by that eminent physician and wit, Sir Samuel Garth, has been fortunately preserved; perhaps the truth it reveals is as conspicuous as its humor.

Dr. Garth (so he is called in the manuscript) who was one of the Kit-Kat Club, coming there one night, declared he must soon be gone, having many patients to attend; but some good wine being produced he forgot them. When Sir Richard Steele reminded him of his appointments, Garth immediately pulled out his list, which amounted to fifteen—and said, "It's no great matter whether I see them to-night or not, for nine of them have such bad constitutions, that all the physicians in the world can't save them, and the other six have so good constitutions that all the physicians in the world can't kill them."

Sir Godfrey Kneller latterly painted more for profit than for praise, and is said to have used some whimsical preparations in his colors which made them work fair and smoothly off, but not endure. A friend noticing it to him, said, "What do you think posterity will say, Sir Godfrey Kneller, when they see these pictures some years hence?" "Say!" replied the artist; "Why they'll say Sir Godfrey Kneller never painted them!"

SIGNS OF PROSPERITY—FROM THE CHINESE.

Where spades grow bright and idle swords grow dull;  
Where jails are empty, and where barns are full;  
Where church paths are with frequent feet outworn;  
Law court yards weedy, silent and forlorn,  
Where doctors foot it, and where farmers ride;  
Where age abounds and youth is multiplied;  
Where these signs are, they clearly indicate  
A happy people, and well governed State.

Two highwaymen were crossing Hounslow heath, when one of them observed a gibbet. "Curse those gibbets," said he; "if it were not for them, ours would be the best trade in the world." "You are a fool," cried the other: "there's nothing better for us than gibbets; for were it not for them, every person would turn highwaymen, and we should be ruined."

**A PATIENT LAD.**—"Ben," said a father the other day, "I am busy now; but as soon as I can get time, I mean to give you a flogging." "Don't hurry yourself, Pa," replied the patient lad—"I can wait."

Dr. Johnson uttered many things, which would have been pronounced ridiculous absurdities if coming from the lips of almost any other man. They were uttered with oracular emphasis, to be sure—but they were not less absurd on that account. Among such sayings, attributed to him, was his attack upon puns—that "He who made a *pun*, would *pick a pocket*." What would he have said to the following elegant one, from the lips of the celebrated Lalande?

"This eminent astronomer, during the most perilous times of the revolution, confined himself closely to the pursuits of his favorite science. When he was asked



to what happy cause he was indebted for escaping the fury of Robespierre, he jocosely answered, 'I may thank my happy *stars* for my preservation.'

An epitaph on the Scottish Mary, may be found in the Harleian MS. 681. The original may serve as an extraordinary specimen of the noble lapidary manner of compression on the style and the subject. It is the whole biography of that victim of love, of state policy, and of female jealousy.

Issued from Kings, I greatedened Kings, and kingly crowns have worn;

Thrice wedded, thrice a widow, I three kingdoms have foregone;

The French my wealth, the Scot my birth, the English hath my tomb.

EPITAPH.—In a church yard, in the village of Rowley, Mass. stands a tombstone, erected to the memory of one of its lamented citizens, bearing the following inscription:

O Rowley, Rowley, Rowley I  
Thy grief is very sore;  
For DEACON JEWETT he is dead,  
And you'll never see him again.

The lack of rhyme, in the last word, (which should have been *more*;) originated in a wag, who happened in the artist's shop at the time when the order for the engraving was handed in, offering to the bearer of the lines, to defray the expense of the whole if he would allow him to alter a *single word*.

EITHER WAY.—"Will you have me," said a young man to a modest girl. "No, John," said she, "but you may have me if you will."

Physicians rarely take medicine—nor lawyers go to law—two hints not worthy attention.

FEELING AND SENTIMENT.—There are two men of my acquaintance, of nearly the same age, property and standing in society, one of whom is a man of feeling, and the other a man of sentiment. Sentiment is rather a more gifted man than Feeling, writes and talks well, and on no subject does he speak so often and so well, as on the duty of doing good to each other. Feeling never wrote a paragraph in a newspaper, nor spoke where ten people could hear him; but there is not a cellar or garret in — street, that he has not been into, and there are hundreds of people who pray for him every day of their lives. Sentiment is the admiration of his acquaintances. Feeling the delight of his friends. No better illustrations can be given of the difference between them, than was shown in their conduct on one particular occasion. A mutual friend of theirs had died suddenly, under circumstances of peculiar affliction, and leaving a large family nearly destitute. Sentiment heard of his death as he was going to an evening party, where he spoke of his departed friend and of the irreparable loss to his widow and children in such a way as to bring tears into the eyes of all who heard them; but in a short time the conversation turned upon other subjects, and Sentiment became as lively and as entertaining as ever. Feeling also heard of it as he was going to the same party, and turned about and went home, for he loved his friend too well to feel in the mood to join in a gay crowd while he was yet unburied. The next day Sentiment sat down and wrote a beautiful letter to the bereaved widow, while Feeling went about and collected a subscription for her use. Sentiment published an eloquent obituary notice of his friend, while Feeling paid the funeral expenses. Feeling adopted one of his sons, and educated him, while Sentiment named one of his own after him.—*New England Magazine*.

## THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 18.

"A writing master has shown us an imitation of a Bank of England note, of his own execution with pen and ink. It is a handsome and most ingenious piece of work, highly creditable to his talents."

The above is from a morning paper of this city. We presume it is intended to inform the public that a writing master can counterfeit a bank note, and *has done it*. This may be a valuable accomplishment, but we rather presume some of the natives, as well as foreigners, on the lists of our jails, have repented of such follies and inclinations. The writing master is well enough in his place, but the inundation of puffing they court and receive is past all endurance. They are by hereditary right choleric—we have had specimens enough in this city of their counteracting and detracting each other; but there is a story in the books of a solemn trial of skill to determine between two candidates for public patronage, which we shall here relate for the amusement of our readers.

Peter Bales and David Johnson had long been inveterate rival writing masters. Peter was a hero of such transcendent eminence that his name has entered into the history of England. Holingshed chronicles one of his curiosities of microscopic writing: in the compass of a silver penny, he put more things than would fill several of our columns. He presented Queen Elizabeth with the manuscript, set in a ring of gold, covered with chrystal.

For a whole year, had David Johnson advertised a challenge, "To any one who should take exceptions to this my writing and teaching." He dared and longed for an encounter, yet Bates was magnanimously silent, till he discovered that he was "doing much less in writing and teaching," since this public challenge was proclaimed! He then set up his counter challenge, and in one hour after, Johnson arrogantly accepted it. It was to write for a pen of gold of twenty pounds value, in all kinds of hands, "best, straightest, and fastest."

Much bad blood was engendered—taunts and inuendoes of the most irritating kind were freely dispensed. The face of Bales looked utter contempt, while Johnson swelled and puffed like a toad. On the appointed day, 1595, the trial opened before five judges, and an ancient gentleman was entrusted with the golden pen. In the first trial, on the manner of teaching scholars, after Johnson had taught his pupil a fortnight, he would not bring him forward. This was awarded in favor of Bales. The second bout, for secretary and clerk-like writing, Bales performed best, being first done, writing straightest without lines, with true orthography, the challenger himself confessing that he wanted the Latin tongue and was no clerk!

The third and last trial, for fair writing in sundry kinds of hands, the challenger conquered, when Bales perceiving an equilibrium in the minds of the judges, presented his "master-piece," and offered to give up all former advantages, if he could better this specimen. His opponent was silent. To Bales the prize was awarded, and now comes the humour of the story. He carried off the golden pen, and exultingly had it painted and set up for his sign. At this Johnson went about reporting that *he had won* the golden prize, but that Bales had obtained the same by "plots and shifts," and other base and cun-

ning devices. Bales vindicated his claim, and offered to show the world his "master-piece," which had acquired it. Johnson appealed, stating that Bales possessed himself of the golden pen by a trick! That before judgment was awarded, alledging his wife to be extremely ill, he desired she might have a *sight of the pen to comfort her!* The ancient gentleman who was the holder, taking his word, allowed the pen to be carried to the sick wife; that Bales immediately pawned it, and afterwards to make sure work, sold it at a great loss, so that when the judges met, neither pen nor pensworth was to be had! That the judges, being ashamed of their own conduct, were compelled to give such a verdict as suited the occasion. Bales rejoins, but as he does not offer to *show his golden pen*, we are left in the dark as to the truth of Johnson's story.

The pen makers' controversy has betrayed us into a longer article than we anticipated. We must say, however, that this civil fight resembles very nearly the political squabbles of the newspapers; they are always trying to make black look white, or white black, and getting over a victory by some such subterfuge as that used by Johnson. To come at the *truth*, people must not look to *violent party newspapers*.

#### THE POOR.

There has been one most cruel and unjust assertion made by most of the newspapers in relation to the poor. It would be inferred, and we dare say is, that *the poor* are particularly liable to take the cholera! What could be more unjust! If by poor, they mean *vicious*, then we agree with them; but that people, because they have not much silver about them, are therefore to have the cholera, strikes us as absurd, as if the assertion were made that the cholera hunts up the lawyers, the judges, or the editors—the latter of whom are surely *very* liable, for they generally belong to the order called poor.

But it is a great mistake—the *poor* are not more liable to the cholera than the rich, provided they are as cleanly and as free from those habits which induce the disease in all classes. More poor than rich persons die of cholera: but the reason is obvious. To be vicious is to become poor; while to preserve regular and industrious habits is the way to become rich. There are more vicious poor in the cholera sense, than vicious rich. But we must stoutly vindicate the respectable poor from the abominable attempt to throw them into a state of alarm. Is yon widow, whose husband died at sea, and left her to provide not only for herself, but for a large family—is *she* more likely to die of cholera morbus than that lady lolling in her coach? Not a whit—for she is equally virtuous, rises earlier, partakes, with her dependant charge, of wholesome food, and uses her good sense to quite as good a purpose. The idea that poverty and cholera are necessarily connected, is absurd.

If we were ever disposed to laugh at a neighbor, the following from the Enquirer would excite a double smile:

"P. S. Since writing the above, the thunder has

again pealed, and the sky became overcast. We shall have more rain before this paragraph is in type."

We add a postscript too, but not to follow suit shall call it a

*Price Current.*—Rain is falling, and will be entirely down before we go to press.

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